

A PIPE ORGAN—BRO. ROBERTS PREACHES—AN OVER-FLOWING SUNDAY SCHOOL.

PHILA. ITEMS.

Sunday, Jan. 27th, will long be remembered as Red Letter day in the history of the Phila. Brethren church. In looking over some papers in my desk this morning, I took up the receipt for the first month's rent for the little chapel at 4th and York sts., where the first seed was sown and sprouted, prior to the transplanting it at 10th and Dauphin sts.

On the 20th day of October, 1884, I signed the lease and paid the first months rent, and the Mission Sunday school was moved there. Looking back to the many encouragements, the more discouragements, the many times we were on the mountain top, the more that we were in the valley, and then to the times of purging and purifying, and the getting ready of a people, who should faithfully contend for the GOSPEL and that ONLY, and restore the practices and customs of the primitive church—looking back from our position that we hold to day to that from which we started, we are led to explain, "This is the LORD'S work, and it is marvelous in our sight."

The young people of our church have for some time wanted a pipe organ, and they started to work for it, and as a result we have a beautiful, brand new six-hundred dollar pipe organ, which is really worth more than they are to pay for it.

Bro. Bowman who has been down in the old Dominion preaching for Bro. Shaver, or rather for Christ in Bro. Shaver's ballewic and was to be home for the occasion, and did arrive, but for a sad bereavement which befell our little flock was taken away from his post Sunday morning. On Saturday night as I was busy in the the store I was waited on, and informed that I would be expected to fill his place. Without any preparation, but many misgivings, in the name of the Master, we did what we could, much comforted with the thought, that He could turn my weak effort to his glory. We had some very good music. We always have. I say this freely; for none of it comes from me. But Sister Markley is second to nobody as an organist, and I can truthfully say the same of the choir leader, brother Crouthammel. And while personally I am opposed to church choir of the ordinary kind. Ours is composed of those who love the Lord, and act as though they did. They not only make excellent music but honor the church. Bro. C., had secured the assistance of several others, which however I felt was entirely unnecessary. In spite of the very unpleasant weather there was a good turnout. In the evening the house was filled to overflowing. Bro. Bowman preached one of his characteristic sermons. The choir rendered that beautiful and difficult

piece of music, "The Heaven's are telling," by one of the most noted writers.

Good music is of great importance in the worship of God, and when it comes from the hearts filled with love for Him and our fellow men, its importance can not be too highly estimated. But a word of warning to ourselves and every body else: Don't let us put our religion into the organ, but the organ into our religion. It may be a very useful servant but a woeful master.

The only sad thing, was the parting of our brother, Hyman Sands, who was laid away to await the Master's second coming with power and great glory, when "they that sleep shall rise first." Bro. Sands was about 28 years old, (speaking from judgment) and belonged to the first of the workers at old 4th and York. He with his cousin volunteered to care for and clean the chapel long before he was a member (being only boys,) which he did faithfully, although the cousin repented and did not, and took up the work at 10th and Dauphin with his father, our greatly beloved Bro., papa Sands. He had been sickly for a long time with consumption. He leaves a widow and one child who have the sympathy of the church and a large circle of friends.

They who rest in the Lord, rest safely. May we all so live that we can meet him to say farewell, no never.

I feel that I can not close without telling of our Sunday school. We touched high water mark Sunday a week. We are blessed with two very earnest infant school teachers, and under their earnest excellent work the infant school has grown so that when the room gets so full that there is no more room we shut the door and put the rest in through the window. God be praised, the extension of our building will next engage our attention.

Fraternally,
E. E. ROBERTS.

AN OPEN LETTER.

COLUMBIANA, OHIO.. Feb. 19th, '94
DEAR EVANGELIST: Having a bit of news which I thought might interest some of your readers, will note it down while fresh and crisp. My daughter started Feb. 15th, inst. on a trip to Southern California and expects about Feb. 21st. to arrive at the home of Bro. and Sister Holsinger. They know of her coming and have promised her a place with them. Tell the EVANGELIST children that they may expect to hear of her sojourn with Uncle Henry and Auntie Holsinger. She wanted to take a vacation and decided to visit the winterless summer-land of oranges and ever blooming flowers. I hope her anticipations may be realized and that she may be able to report good news from every place she visits. Her address therefore,

for a time at least will be Rosena, Cal., (name) Miss Alice Slotter.

I have decided to be one of the fifty who will give \$10 each to pay off that indebtedness to Bro. Holsinger, I'm glad that the ball has started rolling and want that it continue until the work of satisfying Bro. Holsinger's claim is finished.

I hope that Homer is much better by this time.

Farewell to all,
Laura Slotter.

"ALL IN HEAVEN."

This is the title of a booklet compiled by Mrs. E. A. Orr after the death of her three children. It is a gem among the productions of its kind; comprising some of the best poems of our country's great poets, as well as those of the author. The book is especially designed to comfort parents whose precious jewels have been taken away by Him who gave. The author's resignation to the will of God and the recognition of his power, dominion and wisdom is calculated to instill within the heart of the reader the same spirit of submission. We were favored with a copy of this "chaplet of verses," and it was especially comforting, just at the time when we felt the pangs of death drawing most severely upon the life of our dear boy. It can be procured for fifty cents, by addressing the author, Mrs. E. A. Orr, 3605 Champlain St., Chicago, Ill., or this office.

12 MEMBERS, NO ORGANIZATION

SWANTON, OHIO, Jan. 26, '94.

We don't have any of the Brethren preaching here since Horn left us and Brother John Nicholson a number of years ago. At that time there were 12 or 15 members. Several remain. If I was able I should have some one to come and preach. think we might organize a church. We are getting cold without any fuel, and I am getting tired of living this way. I hope some one may come this way and make a step.

Yours truly,
D. C. DECK.

Another Editorial Opinion.

The *Indiana Phalanx* sums up the Indiana supreme court decision on the saloon nuisance question as follows:

The court decides:

1st That the act of 1875, requiring a license to be taken out by a person before he can sell in intoxicating liquor, is constitutional.

2nd A nuisance may be both public and private, and where damage to an individual is more than to the public, however

slight, or where he sustains a special damage not common to all, he may maintain an individual action for the nuisance.

3 When one locates a saloon within a few feet of a dwelling house, in a quiet neighborhood, and thereby reduces the rental value and the enjoyment of such dwelling, he is guilty of a nuisance, and the owner of the dwelling may maintain an action for damages and to enjoin the nuisance against the saloon-keeper and the owner of the real estate who leases it for the saloon.

4 The fact that the saloon was licensed according to law is no defense to such action.

We think this decision is wrong on the constitutional question, but it is certainly right, most important, and far reaching on the nuisance question.

Although this must not be considered a short cut to prohibition, yet the principle of law established will bar out the vile traffic from many localities, and we predict for it great results in breaking the hold of the saloon

KEEP ON THE TRACK.

In a beautiful garden man was plac'd
With fruits which suited, exactly, his taste;

By obedient living he always could stay
No power, but God's, could take him away.

E'er prone to wander he soon went astray
The mandate of Heav'n he would not obey;

He then had to leave the beautiful place,
To wander on earth in sin and disgrace.

But God, full of mercy, again made a plan
By which to redeem, the poor mortal, man;

And now calls to all with voice loud and clear,
That each one his way to glory may steer.

But the fiend who first tempted man to stray,
Now began, once more, to obstruct the good way;

He puts base counterfeits into the place
Where men would otherwise find Heavenly grace.

Hundreds of so called ways instead of one!

THIS MAY INTEREST AND PROFIT YOU.

A great many people who are employed only partially, or working at low figures would find it to their interest to correspond with B. F. Johnson & Co., Richmond, Va. They wish to employ men and women of the highest and best character to represent them in each locality.

\$12 to \$35. See No 3.